

# Thank You for the Thorns

Words and Music by Heather Schopf

Thank You, Loving Father, ever wise  
For the ways that You faithfully refine.  
Through the rain, You have made all Your goodness to shine;  
Through pain, Your loving hand has reached this heart of mine.

Thank You for the pain of chastening blows,  
For the shame when my sin has been exposed,  
For the sting of rebuke and for bringing me low,  
This gift of discipline that marks me as Your own.

Thank You for the walls that close me in,  
For the walls that surround my suffering,  
For the walls that enclose me behind and before,  
These walls You fashioned with a love that won't let go.

Thank You for the thorns that never leave,  
For the thorns that have pushed me to my knees,  
For the thorns that will cleave to the worn and the weak,  
These thorns to teach me that Your grace is all I need.

Thank You for a love so high, so great,  
For a love that does not withhold the pain,  
Faithful love of a Father in patient pursuit,  
This love relentless to redeem, restore, renew.